the wearer a most grotesque appearance. A short cloak, richly embroidered, and having holes through which the arms are passed, the short apron above mentioned, and shoes with very thick soles and large bows, complete the attire, which is ornamented with colored borders and embroidery in every part.

In Tinos the dress is very simple. It consists of a garment not unlike a chemise, which reaches to the neck and below the knee, and is frequently of white linen. At the height of the knee, from the bottom, is sewn a narrow-colored border. The sleeves of this robe are very wide and loose down to the wrists, and are edged round the bottom with embroidery; the head is enveloped in a kind of veil, which is twisted into the form of a very small turban, but the ends are brought round the face, crossed on the neck, and then allowed to float down the back; the stockings are neat, and the shoes have high heels. Altogether, it is a simple and elegant costume.

In Patmos the robe is confined at the waist by a girdle, from whence falls the narrow embroidered apron; the sleeves are nearly tight down to the wrists, and an open jacket is worn that reaches as low as the hips. The head is ornamented with a simple, but elegant turban of very fine white linen. In some of the islands, and even in some parts of the continent, unmarried women braid their hair and ornament it with natural flowers; others adorn their heads with the most tasteful and elegant-shaped turbans, formed of light-colored muslins.

FLORENCE SEFTON; OR, THE BORDER WARFARE.

BY MISS B. GARTLAND.

CHAPTER I

"Do not move the boat from under the shadow of these trees," said a tall figure, on a night in August, 1812, as he sprang lightly from a small boat on the waters of the Niagara to its high bank. "My stay will be brief, and this place seems too secluded to be in danger of attracting notice."

"I will keep her in the shade, sir, if you wish," said the person addressed, a man apparently about forty or forty-five years of age, with a cheerful, sunburned countenance, a clear, piercing gray eye, above the middle height, his frame apparently combining great strength with elasticity. He wore the dress of an American rifleman; a green cotton shirt and trowsers of the same material, trimmed with yellow fringe, the upper garment reaching below the knee, and confined round the waist with a leathern belt, to which was attached a cartouch box. He was fully armed; for, besides his trusty rifle, which lay across the seats in the boat, he had a pair of pistols thrust into his belt. "I will keep her in the shade, if you wish; but, if we only had four or five of our good marksmen with us, I should not fear to be discovered by half a score of Brock's men."

"But you know, Gotlieb," was the reply, "that I do not wish to be engaged in any skirmish to-night; so you will do as I desire." And, folding a large military cloak round his person—for, although it was the middle of August, the night, as is often the case in our variable climate, was damp and cool—he pursued his way, keeping the path by the river, and was soon lost to the view of the marksman, who stood with folded arms gazing after him.

"Yes, there he goes," muttered he to himself, "as noble a fellow as ever drew a sword for his country, if it was not for his folly in falling in love with that English gal. To be sure, she was born here; but what signifies that, when she is a relation of old Isaac's, and her father and all his kith and kin are rank *Englishers?* All but her brother. I had most forgot him. They say he is a fine lad; and, in spite of his father, has joined the army under Van;* but, if he does no better than old Hull, the poor boy might as well have stayed at home, for all the credit he 'll gain under such a gineral. By Jabers, it was too bad to keep us a whole month in Canady doing nothing, when we might have marched down to Malden, beaten the Britishers, and had the whole province by this time, instead of being led back to

* General Van Rensselaer, stationed at Lewistown.

Detroit like so many April fools. But, howsomdever, if, as he says, he only wants to take Brock and his men at one stroke, when they follow us to Detroit, and let them see *then* what our brave boys can do, why mayhap it may all end well."

Then, after musing for a time, he added—

"As for the gal, it 's more her misfortin than her fault that she has such relations. To be sure, she *is* a pretty crittur, and if Captin Howell will take to her, why there 's no help for it as I knows on. Well, well." And, putting a large piece of tobacco in his mouth, which effectually stopped his soliloquy, he seated himself in the boat and continued to ruminate on the folly of young men falling in love with gals, particularly if they had English relatives.

Gotlieb Pretz was a confirmed old bachelor. He had been jilted in his youth by a girl to whom he was much attached, and, though the native goodness of his heart kept him from railing at all her sex—as so many under like circumstances have done—yet he never again thought of marrying. His family, though humble, had suffered much during the Revolutionary War from the British. They had subsequently removed from New York, where he was born, to Kentucky, and where, by listening to his father's and grandfather's tales of English cruelty and oppression, he had imbibed almost an hatred to the name of an Englishman. On the declaration of war with Great Britain, he had joined Hull's ill-fated army as a rifleman. The early part of his life had been passed in seclusion, and, being much alone, he had acquired a habit of talking to himself, which, after he had entered the army, frequently caused much amusement to his companions, who were not slow in discovering it.

We will now leave Gotlieb to his meditations, and, in the mean while, introduce the "Captin" to our readers. Howell Meredith was the only son of a wealthy merchant of New York, who had taken the greatest care that his son should receive a good education; an education not only of the *mind*, but *heart*. Yes, an education of the heart; for it is assuredly true that, although the mind be adorned with all the lore and accomplishments of the present and past ages, yet, if the *heart* be void of truth, honor, virtue, and charity for our fellow-creatures, if there be no moral or religious principle to guide us in the path of duty, even though that path be beset with difficulties and hardships, no restraining voice to bid us pause in the pursuit of pleasure and list to the hiss of the serpent hidden 'mid the flowers—alas! such a mind but resembles the apple of Sodom, beautiful to the eye, but filled with ashes and bitterness. Such was *not* the case with Howell Meredith. He had grown to manhood all that his fond parents could wish; he had finished his collegiate course in Germany, at the University of Gottingen; and had afterwards made a two years' tour on the Continent, accompanied by his tutor, Mr. Harvey. Mr. Meredith, notwithstanding his immense wealth, thought it necessary his son should have a profession; and Howell was pursuing the study of the law in New York at the time of the rupture between America and England, which, however, with his father's consent, he then relinquished, and repaired to the camp of General Hull, who was preparing to enter Canada.

Mr. Meredith had, some years previously, purchased a place on the Niagara, situated in a romantic and beautiful valley, about a mile above Lewistown. Here he built a princely mansion, and embellished it with works of art and all the elegancies and luxuries which wealth can procure, and here he had resided, in happiness and content, with his much-loved and still lovely wife. Colonel Sefton, his nearest neighbor, lived about half a mile above, on a hill commanding a magnificent view for miles. Lewistown and Queenstown appeared to lie at the foot of it. The Cataract of Niagara, a few miles distant, rushing and leaping over its high rocky bed into the fearful abyss below, like a sea of molten silver, and the many bright rainbows blending their gorgeous colors in the mist, with the noble Lakes in their calm repose, the vast extent of forest land and fruitful valleys, and the blue hills of Canada in the distance, all, all combined to make the scene from "Sefton Hill"—as it was called—on a bright morning, almost one of enchantment. It was here that Howell Meredith spent many happy hours with Henry Sefton and his sister Florence, on his visits home during his college vacations.

Colonel Sefton was born in England; his parents had emigrated to America while he was yet a boy; and he had many of the prejudices of an Englishman, which were derived chiefly from his mother, who was a niece of General Sir Isaac Brock, who had just joined the British forces at Malden, at the time our story commences. The reader may suppose, from the title of colonel, that Gerald Sefton was in the army; but such was not the case. A long time before war had been declared, when he was still young, a number of the neighboring gentlemen about his own age had united to raise a regiment of cavalry in Lewistown and its environs, and had chosen him for the colonel. At first, the young men were delighted to show themselves in their military costume, on parade days and in sham fights, to the fair ladies of the place; but they soon began to tire of the play, so one by one the volunteers dropped off, until, at last, the regiment was "out of service." But Sefton still retained the title of Colonel by courtesy. He had married an amiable and accomplished American lady, and Henry and Florence were their only children. Howell was two years older than Henry, whom he looked upon as a younger brother. As for Florence, she was the household pet, a lovely, prattling child of six summers when the Merediths came to the valley—to which they had given the name of Arcadia. Howell, a fine manly boy of ten, loved, when he and

Henry went fishing, to take the little Florence with them, and see her open wide those deep blue eyes with wonder, not unmixed with fear, when she saw the poor fish dangling from the hook.

And when Mrs. Sefton brought her, as she often did, to the valley, on a visit to his mother—for the two families were on terms of the closest intimacy—he delighted to place her before him on his Shetland pony, and so ride up and down the avenue with her.

But time passed on, and Howell, during his visits to Sefton Hill, which were almost daily during the vacation time, frequently found himself disappointed in his plans of walking, boating, and fishing, by being told that "Miss Florence was with her governess, engaged at her studies." And, although Henry, who was his classmate in college, and his almost inseparable companion when out of it, was always ready to accompany him, he would generally say on such occasions, "Let us put off our excursion until Florence is at liberty, Henry; she will be disappointed if we go without her; besides, it will be *so dull.*" And Henry, who dearly loved his sister, seldom demurred.

Sometimes, when her pupil had been particularly diligent, Miss Manvers would accompany them, if the evening was fine, a few miles down the Niagara, in a small yacht belonging to Howell; and, while he and Henry rowed with ease their light vessel, she would amuse them with Indian legends concerning the caves or the whirlpool in the river between Lewistown and the Falls; or, joining her rich, full voice with the sweet, girlish one of Florence, accompanied by her guitar and the deeper tones of Howell and Henry, "make the shores vocal with melody;" and then they would return delighted with all around them, with themselves, and with each other.

It was Howell's last year at college; he had taken leave of his companions for the last time, and had come home with Henry, who was to return for another year, to prepare for a voyage to Gottingen. Mr. Meredith preferred that University to an English one, as he wished his son, who was already something of a German scholar, to acquire a thorough knowledge of the language, and to become acquainted with the works of the mighty master minds of Germany. Florence, too, who had now attained her fifteenth year, was, for the first time in her life, to leave her happy home. Colonel Sefton thought it necessary that she should finish her education at a fashionable boarding-school in the metropolis, and the two families were making arrangements to go in company to New York—a journey that, in those days, was considered *something* of an undertaking, when there was no locomotive, as now, to pant and puff, and fly along with you at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, and the Hudson Canal had scarcely been thought of.

CHAPTER II.

A WEEK or two previous to that decided on for their departure, on a fine, bright morning in August, Miss Manvers, Florence, Mary Aylmer—an orphan niece of Mrs. Sefton's, who, on the death of her sister, a few months before, had taken charge of her child—Howell, and Henry, attended by Thornton, a colored servant, crossed the Niagara a short distance below Lewistown; and, after walking about half a mile, they entered a wood, and in a short time reached a romantic glen, through which ran and sparkled a small stream of water, on each side of which rose large moss-covered rocks, which approached nearer to each other as the stream narrowed, until a narrow passage was formed, in which two persons could hardly go abreast, and then it opened on a smiling valley. In this sweet spot they intended to spend the day. It was a family pic-nic, and Thornton bore on his shoulders a large basket filled with cold fowl, ham, pastry, fruit, wine, &c. Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, Colonel and Mrs. Sefton were to follow before dinner.

The preceding day, the gentlemen—that is, the two younger ones, assisted by Thornton—had formed a temporary arbor, where they were to dine and rest when tired of rambling. It was strictly a family party; for, although those who formed it had many friends both in Queenstown and Lewistown—for, as yet, the inhabitants of the border were still on a friendly footing—yet they knew many long months must pass before they could again meet in that sweet spot, and they wished not for the presence of any less dear friends to cause restraint.

Thornton deposited his load, Howell placed the cushions he had brought up from his yacht on the rustic seats put up for the occasion, Henry found a snug place for the flute, guitar, and flageolet which he carried, the ladies hung their small work-baskets on the branches above them, and then sat down to rest for a few minutes, and to consider what their next proceeding should be. Henry proposed fishing; their fishing-rods were in order, and the stream, though small, was full of fine fish. So off they went in fine spirits to the creek—all but Miss Manvers, who preferred remaining to finish an interesting work she had been reading; and Thornton, who, when he had procured a sufficient quantity of bait for the young people, began to work, or rather to resume his work, on a table-mat he was making of the bark of a tree, and adorning it with the most brilliant flowers made of stained quills. He had learned the art from the Iroquois Indians, who had a village a few miles from Mr. Meredith's, and often brought fish, fowl, and game, with moccasons, mats, &c., to Lewistown and Queenstown to dispose of, and, in their way, never forgot to stop at Sefton Hill and Arcadia, and at both places they were treated kindly, and many purchases made from them. Thornton had become intimate with many

of them, and he occasionally, when he had an opportunity, went to their village, where he had learned many of their little arts. Being very fond of his mistress, whom he had accompanied, on her marriage with Mr. Meredith, from Virginia—for he was born on her father's estate—he took great pleasure, when he had leisure, in making many tasty little articles for her, and he was now engaged in making her a set of table-mats. While Thornton was busy at his work, humming, in the mean while, an old Virginia air, he perceived a man descending the hill on the west side of the valley, and coming towards them. He was rather below the middle height, and, as he approached nearer, you could perceive that his complexion was dark, his eyes and hair black; he was not stout, but still his frame looked as if he could endure much hardship. He wore a gray linen coat and trowsers, and a Manilla straw hat. Coming nearer, he accosted Thornton with—

"Is Colonel Sefton here?"

"No, sar; he hab not yet come ober. Young Massa Henry and Massa Howell is here; and de young ladies is here: down dar, near de creek, a fishin'."

The man turned, and, seeing Miss Manvers, bowed and said—

"I was asking the servant, madam, if Colonel Sefton was here?"

"He is not," she replied.

"But you expect him, madam?"

"We do, every moment."

"Then I may be so fortunate as to meet him," he said, and, again bowing, he continued on the way to Queenstown.

"It is very wrong," thought Helen Manvers to herself, "in me to feel such an aversion for that man. I may wrong him; and, were it not for his cringing, fawning manner to those above him, and his almost laughable assumption of dignity to those he deems his inferiors, and that sinister, snakelike eye of his, I should think I did." And she resumed her book.

"Ya! ha! ha!" was heard, in rather a sotto voice, from Thornton.

Miss Manvers looked up.

"I was only a tinkin', Miss Helen," said he, in answer to her look—"I was only tinkin' dat Massa Lazy O'Lear tink hisseff a great gemman, cause he talk so much wid Col'n Seffim."

"Why should you think so, Thornton?" she replied.

"O, cause he so little, Miss Helen; and he puff hisseff up so big, just like a bullfrog, when he ask for de colonel. But here come massa and missus, and Missus Seffim. I s'pose Massa Lazy cotch up to de colonel in de glen."

Thornton was right. Lazy O'Lear had met the rest of the party as they were entering the glen, and, after many apologies for the liberty, &c., had begged a few minutes' private conversation with the colonel, who acceded to his request; and, having given Mrs. Sefton in charge of Mr. Meredith, remained behind to hear what he had to communicate.

"What, Miss Manvers!" said Mr. Meredith, as he approached with the ladies, and as Helen came forward to meet them, "not a book, I hope?" glancing at the one she held in her hand. "Why are you not fishing with the rest, who appear to be enjoying themselves very much? Were I Newton, I should become jealous of those books of yours, and lay a stricter embargo on them than Mr. Jefferson ever did on our vessels."

Helen smiled and blushed, and Mrs. Sefton replied—

"Helen loves books better than fishing; and *Newton* above all authors, I believe."

"Well, that is right," said he, laughing heartily at the *jeu de mot*. "Now I will walk down and see how many fish the youngsters have taken, and, when I return, you will all be sufficiently rested to take a stroll round this charming place." And, stopping a few minutes to admire Thornton's pretty mats, he proceeded to the creek.

"It is, indeed, a charming place!" said Mrs. Meredith, surveying the lovely landscape before them; "and I hope we may have the happiness of again meeting in it without the absence of one of the loved ones who make our party now."

"I know you laugh at presentiments," observed Mrs. Sefton; "but it appears to me as if I should never again see this place; or, if I ever should, it will be at a distant period."

"You are nervous and low-spirited this morning, Isabel, dear," replied her friend. "But here come Florence and Mary bounding along, and the boys with their fish. They will soon chase away your blues."

"Dear mamma, only think, Howell has caught three dozen of fish and Henry only seventeen!" cried Florence.

"Yes; but, Florence, you forget how much better Howell's fishing-tackle was; besides, Henry did not fish *all* the time," said Mary Aylmer.

Mrs. Sefton smiled and said—

"And how many have you and Florence taken?"

"Mary does not like fishing, mamma, so she and Henry went to gather flowers, and I had to help Howell to fix his line."

The mothers exchanged a meaning glance; when Mrs. Meredith, observing the color deepen in poor Florence's cheek, said, gayly—

"Well, here comes Colonel Sefton, the boys, and Mr. Meredith. He has joined them, I see; so now for our exploring expedition, girls. That wood yonder looks cool and inviting, and, if it be not enchanted, I should like to penetrate a little into its recesses."

"Oh!" exclaimed Florence, "if it only were *enchanted!*—if it only were, that *would* be *so delight-*

ful! Do you remember, dear Miss Manvers, the enchanted wood in 'Tasso's Jerusalem,' through which poor Rinaldo had to fight his way? How I wish the wood yonder was like it!"

"How can you wish anything so horrible, Florence?" said Mary Aylmer.

"We intend invading that wood, colonel," observed Mrs. Meredith, as the gentlemen came near, "in spite of wood-nymphs or satyrs."

"Bravely resolved on," he replied. "But I fear we will lead far more dangerous nymphs into it than any we will find there."

"*Nous verrons*," said she.

And Howell, having given the fish to Thornton's care, who was to remain to have dinner ready on their return—that is, to spread the white table-cloth on the temporary table, which had been put up for the occasion, and to empty and arrange the contents of the large basket on it—they were soon on their way to the wood.

"Come, Nestor," said Howell, as he was going, to a large Newfoundland dog, who had stayed quietly by Thornton all the morning; "come, sir, you shall go with us and catch some squirrels." And Nestor, wagging his tail, ran after his young master.

The entrance to the wood was clear from brush or underwood; but, after they had advanced some way, a thick growth of it rendered it difficult to proceed. They had gone but a short distance, when the report of firearms alarmed the ladies. The colonel and Mr. Meredith shouted loudly, observing, "There was no cause for fear, as it was only some hunter after game." Howell said, "The report sounded more like that of a pistol than a rifle." But, whichever it was, it was not repeated.

The elders of the party, with Miss Manvers, seated themselves under the spreading branches of a large oak, while the younger ones rambled through the wood, picking berries; and, while they are doing so, permit me, gentle reader, to give a short history of Helen Manvers.

She was the daughter of an eminent artist of New York, who had endorsed to a large amount for a friend who failed, and Manvers was ruined. A small annuity of a few hundred dollars, settled by a relation on his wife, was all that was left to them. At the time, his health was declining, and grief and disappointment soon hurried him to the grave. His wife, an amiable, but delicate woman, did not long survive his loss, and Helen, at the age of seventeen, was left an orphan, *without money*, and, as a matter of course, without *friends*. They were many, it is true, who affected to pity her, and to deplore the extravagance and want of prudence, as they termed it, in her parents; and those were persons who had always been treated with the greatest hospitality and kindness by her family. Mrs. Meredith and Helen's mother had been dear friends and schoolmates when girls, and that lady no sooner heard of her situation than she immediately wrote to her to come and make her house her home. Mr. Meredith himself came on to New York to bring her. She was talented and very lovely; her father had spared neither pains nor money in her education. After her arrival at the valley, she had become much attached to Florence Sefton, then in her eighth year; and, hearing Mrs. Sefton say they were trying to procure a governess for her, proposed to take the charge on herself, which was gladly accepted. Mrs. Meredith was very loth to have her adopted daughter thus taken from her, and, were it not that the two families were in daily communication, she would scarcely have consented to the arrangement. Helen had now entered her twenty-third year. She had been six years at Sefton Hill, during which time a young merchant of New York, Mr. Newton Leslie, paid several visits to Mr. Meredith, who had been a partner in business with his father, and had seen Miss Manvers and closely studied her character, and had become devotedly attached to her. As both families intended to remain during the winter in New York, they had houses taken in the same street, within a few doors of each other; and Helen, who was to accompany them, was to be married from the house of Mr. Meredith, as soon as convenient after their arrival. Mr. Leslie was expected daily, to conduct his future bride to New York in company with her friends, to whom, after this digression, we will now return.

"Mary! Florence! Howell!" cried Henry from a close thicket, in which he was almost concealed. "Come, do come, and see what myriads of fine, large blackberries are here!"

Howell approached, with Florence and Mary on each arm, and a small basket, which he held in his hand, nearly filled with berries, while Nestor kept bounding and frisking round them.

"They are, indeed, very fine, brother!" said Florence, as he held up a branch laden with the rich, ripe fruit. "But we are too tired to gather more; and hark!" said she, listening; "I hear papa's voice calling us. It is time that we join them."

At this moment, Nestor, who had strayed further up into the thicket, came leaping and barking furiously towards them.

"Down, Nestor! down, sir!" said Howell.

But, instead of minding his master, he again ran to the thicket, and, in a few moments, returned again, barking violently; but, as he came near, he put his head to the ground and commenced a low whining, looking up piteously into Howell's face, and then returned again to the thicket.

"He has seen some animal in the bushes," said Howell. "I will place you in safety, dear girls, and then return to see what it is."

"There is no occasion for that," said Florence. "Only call the dog back, and let us join papa. Nestor! Nestor!" she cried; but Nestor did not come.

"It is, perhaps, only a fox," Howell remarked.

"I do not think a bear would venture so near the town."

And, hurrying the young ladies forward to the rest of the company, he called Henry to follow; but Henry, who was arming himself with a good stout club of hickory, was like Nestor; he did not choose to follow, notwithstanding Florence kept calling on him to do so.

"He will be in no danger," said Howell, seeing how faint and pale Mary Aylmer looked; "the dog will keep the animal at bay until we can assist him."

On hearing Howell's account, Colonel Sefton broke a large branch from the tree above him, saying—

"I will leave you to guard the ladies, Mr. Meredith; and, with Howell and Henry to help me, to say nothing of Nestor, we shall soon dislodge the enemy."

"Do be careful, Gerald," said Mrs. Sefton.

"Do not fear, my love," he replied; and then added, laughingly, "We will soon return, fair ladies, like valiant knights, to lay our trophies at your feet." He then followed Howell at a quick pace towards the thicket.

"In the mean time," said Mr. Meredith, "let me, too, find a sturdy piece of oak, to give the enemy a salute, should he be driven this way." And he began stripping the leaves from a large stick he had broken off.

It was needless, however; for, a few moments after, they saw Henry running down to the valley, where they had intended to dine, and presently Howell appeared, beckoning them to approach; and, as they met, he said—

"Do not be alarmed; it is an Indian that has been badly wounded. Poor fellow! I fear he cannot live."

"A wounded Indian!" they exclaimed, hastening as fast as they could to the spot.

They found Colonel Sefton supporting the man, and trying to stop the effusion of blood, which came from a wound in the shoulder, with his handkerchief.

"He has fainted from loss of blood," said Mrs. Meredith. "His heart still beats," she continued, laying her hand on his side. "Help me to make some lint, ladies." And she tore her handkerchief into shreds.

The lint was soon made, which Mr. Meredith, as he understood something of surgery, applied, and then bound up the wound.

"He is a Knisteneaux," said Colonel Sefton. "I know the features of the tribe; and, though a fine, noble-looking fellow, I do not think him to be a chief."

"His age would hardly permit that," replied Mr. Meredith. "He is probably one of their young braves; his moccasons are prettily worked, and his blanket fine."

Henry, at this moment, came running along with a bottle of wine he had gone for, and Thornton followed. The news of the "wounded Indian" did not prevent the latter from staying a few minutes to cover up and place in safety the good things he had spread for the party. A little of the wine was forced into the Indian's mouth, which he seemed to swallow with much difficulty; some more, and he began to revive. Colonel Sefton now administered a larger quantity, while the ladies applied their smelling salts. In a few moments he opened his eyes, gazing wildly around; but he soon again relapsed into a sort of stupor, from which no exertions they could make had the effect of arousing him.

"He is the same Indian," said Howell, after gazing for some time earnestly on him, "that I saw yesterday at the Queenstown Ferry, in a canoe nearly filled with buffalo, otter, and deer skins, when a little boy, about seven or eight years old, pressing too far forward to see the baskets, moccasons, &c., which were likewise in the canoe, lost his footing and fell into the water. His head striking the edge of the boat as he fell, he did not rise. The Indian, throwing off his blanket, sprang into the stream after him. After remaining under water for some time, he came up, but without the child. He again went down, and so long did he remain that we began to fear both were lost; but, after some moments more of suspense, he appeared with the child in his arms, from whose head a stream of blood was oozing. The mother of the boy, hearing of the accident, was standing on the wharf weeping bitterly, when the Indian rose the second time; and, though many pressed forward to relieve him from his burden—for he appeared exhausted—he retained it until he reached the mother, when, putting the child in her arms, he said, 'White squaw, no weep; her papoose is safe!'"

"A noble act!" they exclaimed.

"Who, after hearing that," said Florence, "would say that the Indian character is void of fine feeling?"

"Many of them possess it in a high degree, my dear," replied her father. "But what are we to do with the poor fellow? The best plan I can think of is to send Thornton down to Queenstown for a handbarrow and some stout men, and have him conveyed to the poor-house. He will receive surgical assistance there, and be well attended to, I think."

"I do not know *that*," said Mr. Meredith, after musing for a while; and, looking at Howell, he observed, "He is about your age, my son, I should suppose, and I think that, if he could be taken to the valley, he might be done better for than at the poor-house."

"Yes, so I tink, too, massa," said Thornton, who had stood silently by surveying the Indian with looks of pity—"yes, so I tink, too; poor-house bad place for sick Ingin."

"Well, then, Howell will take Thornton with him to Queenstown, and engage men and a settee, or handbarrow, and he can be easily taken over in a boat from the ferry to Arcadia, where Dr. Baldwin's skill will soon extract the shot, if possible. Does the plan meet your approbation, my dear?" turning to Mrs. Meredith.

"Certainly," she replied. "Nothing can be better; so hasten, Howell—there is no time to lose."

And Howell and Henry, taking Thornton with them, were soon out of sight.

"It is singular," said Helen, "that there appears no sign of a scuffle; and he must have received the shot when his back was to his foe."

"It is probable—indeed, almost certain—that treachery was resorted to," said Colonel Sefton. "The Indian is too quick of eye and ear to be easily stolen upon unawares. He may have been intoxicated; but this stupor appears to me to be the effect of some drug, rather than liquor. Do you not think so, my friend?"

"I do," replied Mr. Meredith. "There is some mystery in the case, I have no doubt. The wound was inflicted by a white man, it is evident; no savage foe would have left his enemy his scalp."

The ladies, in the mean while, kept bathing the poor Indian's brow and temples with cool water, occasionally giving him a little wine to keep up his strength. In a shorter time than could have been expected, Howell appeared with Henry, followed by Thornton with four men and a large handbarrow, on which there were a pillow and blanket. The Indian was soon placed comfortably on it, and the men carried it towards the ferry. Mrs. Meredith gave many charges to Thornton as to his accommodation, desiring him "to go immediately for Dr. Baldwin, and to have Milly—her trusty old nurse—in attendance, and to return to them when he had done so, and had heard what the doctor said of the case."

Our party now returned to the valley, conversing, as they went along, on the customs and manners of the Indians, and conjecturing the probable cause of this poor fellow's misfortune. When they had reached their shady retreat, the ladies set about rearranging the good things which Thornton had covered up, and which they were all soon discussing with a good appetite, which the adventures and exercise of the morning had sharpened. The Indians were still the principal theme of their conversation.

"The Knisteneaux," said Colonel Sefton, "are the most intelligent and gentle of the Indian tribes. I have known some of them to be almost as good improvisators as the Italians. By the by, Howell," he continued, "you have a touch of that gift, I believe; so pray favor us with a little of it."

"It is, indeed, but a touch of it that I possess, colonel," he replied; "so I beg you will excuse me."

But the colonel would not excuse him; and, the rest of the company joining their entreaties, he rose, and, taking down his flute from where Henry had placed it, observed, laughing, "Remember that what I inflict on you is at your own request," and commenced a plaintive prelude to a simple air, in which Henry joined with the flageolet, and sung the following words:—

"'Tis sad to part from those we love—
'Tis sad to say adieu—
'Tis sad to leave those scenes so dear,
When life was fresh and new!

"'Tis sad to dream on Ocean's bed,
Rocked by the waves to sleep—
That loving eyes upon us smile,
Then wake the *cheat* to weep!

"'Tis sweet when, from far distant lands,
We reach our much-loved home,
To meet the dear, the household band,
No more from them to roam.

"'Tis sweet when love and friendship give
A welcome warm and true!
Let such be mine when I return
From distant lands to you!"

If, at the conclusion of the last stanza, Howell's eye rested for a few moments on Florence, and if Florence blushed, and stooped to look for something she had not dropped, as no one chose to observe it, neither will we; but, as Mrs. Meredith's eyes filled with tears, which Colonel Sefton *did* observe, and that the spirits of the party were saddened, he cried—

"Bravo, Howell! You must show the Italians, when you visit that country, a little of your talent, lest they should fancy they alone possess it."

"By attempting to do so, I should only confirm them in that opinion," he replied.

"When Howell is in Italy," said Mr. Meredith, "I hope his attention will be taken up with acquiring more valuable knowledge than that of improvisating."

"Is it not a blessing, my dear sir," said the colonel, "that he can go to Italy, or that he can go to Gottingen at all, and that the wiseacres of the land have had at last the good sense to see the necessity of repealing the embargo law?"

"The passing of that law was a very necessary measure," replied Mr. Meredith; "and I sincerely hope the repealing of it will lead to an adjustment of difficulties between England and America. The searching of our vessels and impressment of our seamen were outrages that called for much severer measures."

"England," replied the colonel, with warmth, "does but maintain her own dignity in asserting her right to take her subjects from under any flag that waves on the wide ocean."

"No politics, gentlemen, no politics!" said Mrs. Sefton. "You certainly must have forgotten that we were present, or you could not have been so un-

gallant. We came here for amusement, and not to hear a discussion on the affairs of the nation; and, to punish you for your offence, Helen and Florence shall sing an Italian duet, of which you do not understand a single word."

"We are much obliged to you," said Mr. Meredith, bowing, "for so delicious a punishment. It is enough to tempt us to renew the offence."

"Do not think of it," replied she, "or it will call for much severer measures," quoting his words.

They all laughed but the colonel, who looked moody, and

"Still the angry spot did glow on Cæsar's brow."

But it could not long retain its place, listening to those sweet voices, accompanied by the flute, guitar, and flageolet, which formed the "grand band" of our young amateurs. They afterwards sang one or two English songs, in which even the colonel joined.

Thornton now made his appearance. He brought a good account of the poor Indian. Dr. Baldwin had extracted several shot from the wound, which he did not think would prove mortal. The stupor, he said, was the effect of some strong opiate which had been given him. They had, according to Mrs. Meredith's directions, placed a cot in the barn, covered with a buffalo skin, and a pillow of cut straw to rest his head on, as she well knew from his nature that, so situated, he would be much easier than if he were shut up in a palace on a bed of down.

They now made preparations for returning home, and were soon all safely on board the yacht, bound for the valley. The Seftons were to sup there, and then return home by moonlight; and, as Mrs. Meredith perceived still a restraint of manner, or coolness, between her husband and Colonel Sefton, she tried, by her lively sallies of wit and good humor, to restore harmony, and was quite successful for the time. Both Mrs. Sefton and Mrs. Meredith much feared that the friendship which united their families would be interrupted, if not destroyed, by their husbands' political differences.

Mr. Meredith was a true, warm-hearted American. "Our country, right or wrong," was his motto; and Howell inherited his enthusiasm. Henry, too, was ardent in his love for his country, and indignant at the many insults now offered her by her proud rival. The ladies shared the same sentiments. Indeed, the members of both families were all devoted Americans but the colonel. He, as we have said before, was born in England, and came with his parents, when a boy, to America. His father was a warm admirer of our country and its laws, and had become a naturalized citizen of the United States. Gerald, when he had reached his majority, was also naturalized. It is most likely he might not, even to have pleased his father, have been in any haste to take his oath of allegiance to the United States, had he not at that time been much captivated with the lovely and accomplished Isabel Danvers, the elder of the two daughters of a stanch republican—one who set little value on rank or title, unless they were accompanied by qualities of head and heart intrinsically valuable. Captain Danvers had fought as an officer under General Washington, and was on terms of intimacy with that great man, to whom, also, the father of Gerald was much attached. Mr. Sefton had arrived in this country shortly after the conclusion of the Revolutionary War, and was never so proud, or happy, as when visited at Sefton Hill by the general. Gerald's mother, however, partook not of his sentiments. She, it is true, received her distinguished guest with a ladylike and apparently a cordial welcome, but her heart went not with it; she could not like, though compelled to admire, the man, who had been the instrument in humbling her proud country. Her own family was noble, and she looked upon anything republican with contempt. These opinions were, unfortunately, imbibed by Gerald; and, though his mother died, from the effects of an illness she had been long suffering under, before he had reached his nineteenth year, the impression was made that high birth, rank, and wealth were the most invaluable of all blessings, and that Great Britain *ought to be, if she was not, the mistress of the world.*

But Gerald well knew it would not advance his interest with the fair Isabel, were her father to know the political creed of his daughter's suitor, so he wisely kept aloof from politics; and Captain Danvers, having no suspicion that the son of so democratic an Englishman as the elder Sefton *could be anything* else than a republican in principle, gave his consent to the marriage, and Isabel became Mrs. Gerald Sefton. Shortly after, Captain Danvers died, leaving his large fortune to be equally divided between his two daughters, Mrs. Sefton and Mrs. Aylmer; and the father of Gerald did not long survive him, being carried off by an epidemic shortly after the birth of Henry, who was born in New York, where his parents were on a visit at the time. They had now been married for eighteen years, and lived very happily; for the colonel was a devoted husband and a kind father; but we cannot add a good citizen. After the removal of the Merediths from New York to Arcadia, Mrs. Sefton and Mrs. Meredith had become much attached to each other, and both deplored the anti-American opinions of the colonel, who took part with Great Britain in all her aggressions against the United States, and both ladies endeavored, as much as possible, to prevent any political discussions between their husbands; but this they could not always accomplish.

On the night of the pic-nic, at the conclusion of supper, Colonel Sefton spoke of the government having substituted the "non-intercourse law" for the "embargo" in a satirical manner, and insinu-

ated, as if he were feeling his way before he could venture to speak plainly, that perhaps the time *might* come when the Northern States would form a political union with Great Britain.

"Take care, sir," said Mr. Meredith, "that you do not speak treason. You stand on slippery ground, colonel."

Sefton laughed, and replied, "It was only a conjecture as to what *might*, at some *future* time, take place."

"Never! never, sir!" said Mr. Meredith; but an imploring glance from the eye of his wife caused him to say no more. He filled his glass, and proposed, "The memory of Washington." This was drank; but even a casual observer might have seen that Gerald Sefton was acting a part.

It was long past midnight, on that same night, that a light was burning in the library at Sefton Hill; and, a short time before dawn, that the muffled forms of two men might have been seen issuing from a small door that opened on the lawn, and, by a private staircase, led to that apartment. As they descended the winding avenue, the shorter of the two said—

"Well, Captain Henry, I think *we 've* done a good night's work," laying an emphasis on the word *we*.

The taller of the two answered, "You shall be rewarded, sir," and strode on, as if he cared not how little communication he held with his companion.

But the little man was not to be so easily baffled, and he managed, between a half run and a long stride at intervals, to keep up with the laconic captain.

"I think," he said, "*our* friend, *Sir James* Craig, will be much pleased with *all* the letters *he* gave you to these rich merchants in New England; and, if *he* did fail in winning over old Meredith, why it 's no great loss. *We* can do without him."

"I was not aware, Mr. Lazy O'Lear," said the person he addressed, "that Sir James Craig was a *friend* of *yours*. As to those letters which Colonel Sefton has trusted me with, the least you say of them the better. And, as I before observed, your services shall not go unrewarded."

The little man fell back, saying, "Oh, I only thought"——but, as his companion did not wait to hear what he thought, but continued rapidly to descend the hill, poor Lazy did not express what the thought was, but muttered something about "pride and arrogance."

They soon reached the boat which they had left a little above the town. The captain seated himself, and, Lazy O'Lear taking the oars, they were soon on the Canada shore.

Nothing occurred to prevent the departure of the Sefton and Meredith families for New York. Mr. Leslie had arrived. Minesto, the wounded Indian, was fast recovering from the effect of his wound, under the skillful treatment of Dr. Baldwin and Milly's good nursing. He could give no account of how he had been wounded, or by whom. It appeared he had disposed of his skins, baskets, &c., and had afterwards gone to the sign of King George, where he had some brandy. Many persons were drinking there at the time, many of whom spoke to him, and some offered him drink, which he had accepted. Feeling the liquor was beginning to intoxicate, he strolled up to the wood, where the party found him. He did not wish to be seen tipsy in the streets of Queenstown, and had lain down to sleep the effects of the liquor off. This was all the account he could give of the affair, except that he had been robbed of his money, which he had in a deer-skin pouch his sister had worked for him. He was intelligent, and appeared deeply grateful to all his new friends, particularly to the "great medicine"—Dr. Baldwin—and his "white father," as he called Mr. Meredith.

That gentleman had engaged Gotlieb Pretz, whom we have already introduced to the reader, to overlook the plantation, with two or three men, during his absence. They occupied a snug building about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the mansion. Thornton and his wife were likewise to remain, and to take charge of the Indian until he was perfectly recovered.

CHAPTER III.

We will now pass over a lapse of nearly four years. Four years! what an amount of joy and woe, of deep, bitter, heartfelt anguish, and of almost delirious joy, may be felt in that short space of time! How many of those we loved and cherished in our heart's core may not have passed to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns!" And, alas! how many may not have become estranged or changed by the cold, calculating spirit of the world! Those four years had not passed to the Merediths and Seftons without many changes.

Florence, now an extremely beautiful girl of nineteen, had, with her friend and cousin, Mary Aylmer, spent the most part of two years at Mrs. De Lisle's excellent school. The cousins vied with each other in acquiring useful knowledge and many graceful accomplishments, though cherishing and loving each other as sisters. No two persons could be more dissimilar in person and character than Florence Sefton and Mary Aylmer. Florence, in person, was tall, full, and rounded, her figure approaching to *embonpoint;* her eyes of deep, very deep blue; her complexion fair as "unsunned snow," tinged with a beautiful tint of the rose; her finely-arched brows, in which lay a world of expression, were some shades darker than her hair, which was a very light brown; her nose something of the aquiline; and her small mouth, when the red, full lips were parted, disclosed two rows of the whitest

pearl. In disposition, she was affectionate and open; too noble and generous herself to be suspicious, she still possessed an almost intuitive knowledge of character that was uncommon in one so youthful, and, under the instructions of Miss Manvers and those of her gentle mother, had acquired a good share of self-possession and firmness of character. Miss Aylmer was her opposite in many respects. She was timid and sensitive as the plant that shrinks from the touch, and, though her heart was filled with deep, warm affection for her friends, yet still many thought her manner too reserved, and approaching too much to coolness; but those that knew her intimately thought *not so*. A more tender, gentle, loving heart than that of Mary beat not in the breast of woman. Her mother, on the death of her father, which took place when she was but five years old, had retired to their seat in the country, excluding herself from all society, except that of a few cherished friends. Mrs. Aylmer could not bear the thought of parting with her only child by sending her to school. A governess was procured, who was worthy of the trust reposed in her, and who tried and succeeded in implanting virtues, as well as accomplishments, in the mind of her pupil; but the retirement in which her childhood had been passed, and the subsequent death of her mother, tinged her manner with a sort of sadness and reserve. She was about the middle height, with dark hazel eyes; her complexion, though very fair, had no tinge of color when in repose, but, on the least emotion, the eloquent blood would rush up and bathe the fair neck and brow with a flood of crimson; her hair, when disheveled, would fall in thick, rich wavy masses nearly to her feet; and her features were of the Madonna cast of character, the pure, white, lofty brow, the soft hazel eye, with its deep fringes resting on the fair cheek, as if it would hide beneath them the expression of love and purity which dwelt there, the rose-bud mouth and rounded chin, with the light, graceful, springy figure, all combined to form a picture of loveliness rarely excelled.

Florence was one year older than Mary. They had both "come out," as it is called, the second winter of their stay in New York, when Florence had attained her eighteenth and her cousin her seventeenth year. Both young, lovely, and wealthy, they had created quite a sensation among the *haut ton*. It was the year preceding the declaration of war, and several British officers of high rank were spending the winter in the American metropolis; among others, Sir Edgar Lee, a distant relative of Colonel Sefton, who was much pleased with the marked attention he paid Florence. He was about twenty-eight years old, possessed of rather a handsome countenance, with a splendid figure, an insinuating address, and the unmistakable manner of a man of *bon ton*; but, what was of far greater importance in the estimation of the colonel, he could trace his ancestors as far back as the Conquest, and was, in prospective, heir to an earldom. To be brief—for we cannot enter into detail, and follow our two young friends through all the gayeties of a New York season—he was deeply captivated, offered hand, heart, title, and fortune to the fair Florence, and was firmly, but respectfully rejected. In vain her disappointed father pointed out to her the advantages of so splendid an alliance, of the brilliant and lofty circle she would adorn, and begged her not to disappoint his fondest hopes of seeing a coronet grace a brow it would so well become, and all for the sake of a girlish passion—for Colonel Sefton knew, before Howell had sailed for Europe, young as they were, they had exchanged vows of constancy—which perhaps was now forgotten, if it was not laughed at, by its object, from whom they had received no letters for several months. "But it was scarcely to be expected that Howell could find time to think of the mere school-girl he had left behind him, when in the company of the most beautiful women of the Continent."

It was all in vain that he thus strove to raise her pride and jealousy. Florence would reply—

"My dear father, I cannot love, nay, I can scarcely *respect*, Sir Edgar Lee. I will never marry against your will; but do not compel, do not persuade me, to become the wife of a man with whom I *never* can be happy!"

This was generally all the answer Colonel Sefton could elicit from his daughter; when, fortunately for her peace of mind, her importunate suitor received letters to return immediately to England, as the earl, his uncle, was dangerously ill. When taking leave, he expressed his intention of again returning, as soon as it was possible for him to do so, and try if his deep and ardent love would not eventually soften the heart of his fair mistress.

Mrs. Sefton, who, as well as Mrs. Meredith, had for years cherished the hope that Florence would one day become the bride of Howell, was well pleased at the departure of their noble guest; for he had been spending some weeks with them. Her health had become very delicate. She had taken a severe cold at the beginning of winter, which her physician feared had affected her lungs; and every remedy had been resorted to, yet she appeared to grow weaker daily. Mrs. Meredith was much with her; although the colonel and Mr. Meredith were on very cool terms, caused by their difference of opinion in politics, she would not allow that to keep her from her friend. Florence and Mary were also her devoted attendants; and, on Dr. Baldwin—who had been sent for to Lewistown, as the colonel thought he understood his wife's constitution better than the physicians in New York, having attended her for years—having given his opinion that she could not long survive, Henry, who was at Harvard University, Cambridge, was immediately written for; and, a day or two after, a package of letters

was received from Howell. They had been detained by some accident, and were all forwarded together. That of the latest date stated that he would sail for America in a few days; so they were in hourly expectation of his arrival. But, alas! he only arrived in time to be present at the funeral rites of one he had loved almost as he did his own mother.

We will not speak of the deep grief and anguish of those by whom she was so much beloved. It softened the colonel's feelings towards Howell, whom he permitted to visit Florence as formerly, and the two families again appeared to be united in the bonds of love and friendship. But this pleasant state of things did not long continue; the war of politics waged high, not only in New York, but throughout the Union. Great Britain's aggressions and insult would no longer be suffered, and war was openly talked of. Colonel Sefton had joined those who called themselves the "peace party." Mr. Meredith was for a war that would teach England a lesson she would not soon forget. The former now made immediate preparations to return with his family to Sefton Hill. Howell had, according to his father's wish, commenced the study of law, hoping, at the end of the year of Florence's mourning for her mother—in spite of political differences—to obtain the consent of the colonel to their union.

It was in the latter part of April, 1812, that the Sefton family left New York for their home in the west. Mrs. Meredith shed many tears in parting with her young friends, and Helen Manvers, who, shortly after her arrival in New York, had become Mrs. Leslie, wept bitterly at parting from her former pupils. Howell had intended to escort them at least part of the way; but, as the colonel seemed moody and irritable, Florence persuaded him to forego his intention, and to come to Sefton Hill in July, when his parents proposed returning to Arcadia, when, with her sanguine disposition, she hoped that the differences existing between the two countries would be amicably settled, and, with the settlement, would end the coolness between her father and Mr. Meredith. But she was destined to be disappointed.

It is known to most American readers that, on the 20th of May, the sloop Hornet arrived, bringing the news that no change of measures with regard to the United States need be expected from the British government; and, on the 18th of June following, war was declared by Congress against Great Britain. It was not an unlooked-for event, and preparations had been actively making for it. In the January previous, Congress had directed a force exceeding twenty-five thousand men to be added to the army; but this law had been passed so short a time previous to the declaration of war, that perhaps six thousand were not yet enlisted. Volunteers were accepted, and militia called for from all the States; and Howell, as we observed at the commencement of our tale, obtained his father's permission to join the army under Brigadier-General Hull. Howell accordingly raised a company of volunteers, consisting of about one hundred and fifty men, and hastened to join Hull at Detroit, before his invasion of Canada.

Henry Sefton had, about the same time, wrung, indeed, almost *extorted*, a reluctant consent from his father to join General Van Rensselaer, who commanded the centre division, as it was called, of the troops who were to invade Canada, and was stationed then at Lewistown. The British had already established a fort at Queenstown, immediately opposite. Henry, who was enthusiastic in his love for his country, and anxious to distinguish himself as one of her defenders, had prayed and pleaded, and reasoned and talked his father into giving him a sort of permission to join a company of volunteers under the command of Captain Bolton. Colonel Sefton, though possessing much pride and ambition, had but little decision of character, particularly as in *this case*, when his almost doting fondness for his son would not permit him to thwart him, in what he saw evidently his whole soul was set on, even to gratify the ambition that whispered to him that, *if* Henry *would but* espouse the cause of England, his relative, Sir Isaac Brock, would soon procure him a lieutenancy in the royal army, and *if* Florence *would but* accept the hand of Sir Edgar Lee, whom he knew had accompanied General Brock's army to Canada for the purpose of renewing his attentions to her, if possible—*if they only would do so*, instead of the former being led away by his foolish notions of freedom and democracy, and the latter being so silly as to love a man without a title, when the coronet of a countess was laid at her feet. It was very provoking that they would not; and, though his affection would not permit him to attempt to compel them to adopt his views, yet it was a source of great annoyance, and he could only hope that some change would take place that might alter the position of things.

(To be continued.)

SPRING'S MORN.

BY ROBERT G. ALLISON.

Spring's sweetly blushing morn,
"Waked by the circling hours,"
Which hill and vale adorn
With freshly-blooming flowers,
Diffuses mildly-beaming light
Where reigned stern Winter's night;
Extends her beauteous rosy hand,
Through Nature's works, o'er sea and land:
Her birds hear her inspiring voice,
"They move, they waken, they rejoice!"
And suddenly, from each verdant tree,
Discourse in sweetest melody.